

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



"WILL LAID TIGHT HOLD OF HIS POCKET, AND WENT GABBLING UP IN THE AIR AS BEFORE."

THE CLACKITTS OF INGLEBROOK HALL.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER I.—THE VILLAGE.

INGLEBROOK is a very pretty village; let me describe it. The church is ancient and small, with an ivy-covered porch; it stands high, and, with its surrounding yew-trees, may be seen from any part of the village. There is no continuous street; the cottages and small farm-houses and better dwellings are scattered over it without order, and the old

manor house stands aloof from the whole. There is the shop—an old thatched building with one end freshened up; in the window are lollypops, candy, tobacco pipes, laces, rows of pins, and matches, etc., etc.; tea and coffee are announced over the door, and there is no need to tell you that "herrings are sold here," for the smell overcomes the odours of candles and cheese which accompany it. One square of the window has been removed to make way for a black board, on which is painted "Post Office;" and "Mary Sharp" is in large letters as "licensed

retailer," in the usual place. The blacksmith's shop is close by; two or three loungers may generally be seen there; it is the favourite resort of Mrs. Sharp when she has neither customer nor companion at home. Somewhat lower down, and hidden by a sloping green bank, is a long low-roofed farm-house. Once it was the dwelling of an opulent farmer, but now the land has been let, apart from the house; and it has a very desolate look, except at one end, where the windows have been enlarged, and a pretty rustic porch has been added to the door. Roses and creeping plants have been trained on its walls, and a few evergreens have been planted around. Here lodges Mr. Middleton, the curate of Inglebrook. The school is as bright as new bricks and new slates can make it, while a stone scroll over the doorway shows that its date is recent; the master's house is close by, and is as fresh as the school. A little green lane is on your right hand as you leave the school, which leads you to a tall and narrow dwelling, where Miss Manners, an old lady, lives, with her servant Kezia; from her house you go up hill till you get on the highest ground in the village except the churchyard, and there stands the mansion of Mr. Clackitt. It is called by him, and by all who wish to please him, the Hall; the bricks are as red as the school bricks, and the tiles are as blue as the school tiles; the house is square, the windows are many and large, there is fresh green paint, or white paint, wherever it is possible to put it; the out-buildings, all new, are substantial and extensive, and the gardens are in the highest order; the gravel is as bright as a fresh orange, and there are arbours, and flower-baskets, and ornamental stumps innumerable, to say nothing of a stone dolphin who splashes up a small fountain whenever there is water to be had. Farms, there are—two or three large, and some smaller; and cottages, three or four standing together in neighbourly style; these I will not stay to describe. The manor house rises in silent, solitary grandeur, at the end of the village; it is an Elizabethan building, and, in the days of its last occupant, the rector of Inglebrook, was kept up in much state; a long avenue of yews reaches from the front entrance to the great gates; over the gates the arms of the Waltham family are sculptured in stone, now moss-covered; a nondescript animal, known only to heralds, but like what we call a griffin, keeps watch over one gate; the other had a similar guardian, but it has fallen back into the trees behind the walls. The whole place looks most melancholy; the windows are closed, the pebble-patterned walks are overgrown with weeds, the shrubs have attained such rank luxuriance that the lower part of the building is scarcely approachable in some parts, the stonework is defaced, the bricks discoloured, and the old clock turret looks tumbling down; it seems a fit dwelling for the bats and night birds that have taken possession of it. Of course it is haunted. Mrs. Sharp knows that, so does Dawkins the blacksmith, and what they know all Inglebrook is sure to know. Two small rooms in it are inhabited by David Brownlow—an old man who was gardener to Dr. Waltham, the rector; he has the charge of it. He makes fires in all directions day after day, but to little purpose; the paper will come down from the walls, the floors will rot, the wainscots will peel, and the grates will rust. David is the only person in the village who says the place is not haunted; but he is not believed, though, as

he justly observes, he has the best right to know. Such was Inglebrook at the time that I introduce it to my readers and begin my story.

CHAPTER II.—THE LETTER.

It was a lovely morning in August, the harvest was being gathered, and all the people seemed busy as bees. Mr. Middleton threw up the window of his sitting-room, brushed his hat, took his stick, and walked in the direction of the shop. He was a middle-aged man, tall and stooping; his hair was grey, his face pale and long, his habitual expression grave, almost sad; but if he spoke to a child, or to some poor parishioner who needed sympathy, it shone with the light of love in an eminent degree. Many conjectures had existed about him in Inglebrook. Perhaps he was very poor, and had settled there to live cheap; perhaps he was a widower, and had not got over the loss of his wife; these, with other supposings which came out in a decided form from the moulding hand of Mrs. Sharp, died away one after another. He had been curate of Inglebrook since the removal of the rector, Dr. Waltham; he had always been kind and friendly with all, but intimate with one only—that one was Miss Manners: it was well understood that she knew all about him, but Inglebrook was none the better for that, for she was a confirmed invalid, and never seen out except at church; so guessing became at last weary work, and was given up.

He looked more serious than usual as he tapped at the door of the shop and said, "Any letter for me, Mrs. Sharp?"

"Coming in a moment, sir," said Mrs. Sharp, as she appeared through a back door into the shop, with her hands covered with soapsuds. "So thronged wi' work this morning, sir, haven't had no time to sort the letters, do please sit 'ee down, sir, oh deary me! My hands is never a comin' dry; folks is all out a gleanin', sir, and I can't get no one to help me, and when one goes for to do every thing, you see, sir—"

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Middleton, cutting the thread of talk which he well knew never finished of itself—"just see, Mrs. Sharp, if you have a letter for me."

"In one minute, sir—here's one—no, that's for Miss Betsey Thatcher, that's for Clackitts: the Clackitts always has letters: and here's one—why really!—Would you believe it? Do, sir, guess who's got a letter."

"I have no wish to know who has a letter, Mrs. Sharp, unless it is myself," said Mr. Middleton, with as much impatience as he was capable of; but it was lost on Mrs. Sharp, who was so overcome with surprise at the direction of the letter she held in her hand, that she noticed neither his words nor manner. "Well, to be sure, and who'll have a letter next?" she continued, turning it upside down, and round, and round—"how careless they do stamp the post-mark—here's nothing to be seen but a ha and a ho. Where can it be come from?—but beg your pardon, sir—here's another letter in the box, maybe it's your'n, for it's got a black hedge round it, and yours mostly has, lately—there, now!—if it hasn't gone, and stuck in the crack—please, sir, be so good as to look at that writing, while I fetch my scissors to get it out."

She soon returned with her scissors, and getting the letter out of the box, gave it to Mr. Middleton.

"Who *can* have written to Watling Will? Isn't it pertickler curous, sir—and such very good writing. Why, it won't be any use to him, sir, he can't read print, let alone writing."

Mr. Middleton, being much interested in his own letter, scarcely replied to Mrs. Sharp.

"His friends, no doubt, will read it for him," was all he said as he left her door, his stick under his arm, and his eyes on the paper he held in his hand.

"Well, if that's not as ill-natured a thing as ever I know'd—that man haven't got a bit of feeling about him, never to give a hidea!"

Again she took up the letter. "Who can have written to Will is what puzzles me; it isn't a seal, else I could easy open it; but these as sticks of themselves is dangerous to meddle with. I wonder if—I think I heard say as Nippy could open 'em. I'll step over to Dawkins—maybe he've a way to open it too."

And, notwithstanding her "throng" of business, Mrs. Sharp placed the other letters in the window, and went off to the blacksmith's.

Dawkins was as much surprised as she was, and wondered with her where the letter came from. He was as sorry, too, that the seal was not manageable, and all on account of the interest he took in Will's concerns!

"There's no use talking," he said, "we had better go to Solomon Nippy. I know as he can get at the inside, and sure he won't refuse when he thinks of poor Will's condition."

Mrs. Sharp agreed, and they went to the school. Solomon Nippy, the master, and his wife Rebecca, had just left it, and were at the door of their house: "We want a word with you," said both in a breath; and very soon the matter was fully discussed, and the letter looked at till you might have expected the writing to come through. The postmark was abused in no measured terms.

"No doubt it's Hallport," said Dawkins, "it begins with a ha." "Yes," said Nippy, "and there's a ho, for sartin. 'If it was but a seal,'" said Mrs. Sharp, looking narrowly at Nippy.

"As for that," said Nippy, "my wife can separate envelopes like this."

"Can she, and do it up again for no one to know it?" said Dawkins.

"She can, and for such a benevolent purpose as this, to help a poor friendless being like Will, she shall," said Nippy, looking resolutely at Rebecca, as she stood silently by, appearing to take little interest in the conversation; her husband's words, however, startled her into animation. She said quickly, "Solomon, you promised never to ask me to do that again."

Solomon looked confused; he could not meet her bold, but steady, look of expostulation.

"You see, Becky," he said, "this is entirely for the good of another, and without any benefit to us; and—"

"Don't you think," said Rebecca, "we had better give it to Will, and offer to read it to him first?"

"Dear me, Mrs. Nippy, how you talk," said Mrs. Sharp; "as if Will would ever let it go out of his hands when once he'd a got it. We should never now a word what's in it, if he got it, 'pend upon that, and it would be downright unchristianlike to run the risk, for who knows what there might be for him in the letter! Some good fortune, perhaps, as he may lose 'cause nobody knows nothing about it!"

"Correctly argued," said Nippy, "Rebecca, proceed;" and while Mrs. Nippy, no longer daring to protest, was procuring hot water to effect her purpose, many were the morals, and the claims to a true spirit of charity which alone could induce them to take such trouble in other folks' matters, that were delivered by the three around her.

"Make haste, Becky, it's near school-time," said Nippy; "And I must go to the shop," said Mrs. Sharp; "And I, to the forge," said Dawkins.

"There, it's open," they all cried; "Now, Mr. Nippy," said Mrs. Sharp, "please to read it," and Mr. Nippy did read it, and it ran as follows:—

"William Neilson, if you will apply at the office of Messrs. Guillet, in the High Street, Allport, on any day between the hours of ten and six, before the 21st of September, you shall hear of something to your advantage.

"For Messrs. Guillet,

"THOMAS WRIGGLE."

"There now! what a lucky thing we opened it," exclaimed the trio—"close it up again, Mrs. Nippy; but *what* can it be as he is going to hear?"

"That must remain a mystery," said Nippy, impressively, "till September 21st, when, of course, it will be cleared up."

"It must be money," said Dawkins, "lawyers wouldn't trouble about anything else." Mr. Middleton's hat passing the window cut short the conference—the letter was sealed with Nippy's pencil-case, and the parties remained quiet till they thought Mr. Middleton out of sight, when Mrs. Sharp and Dawkins sneaked back, and Nippy and his wife prepared to return to the school.

"I hope there was no wrong in opening the letter," said Rebecca; "I don't see now what use it will be to Will, for he can't read, and they say he won't let any one read it to him, and Mrs. Sharp won't dare to confess she has meddled with it, especially after the fuss Mr. Clackitt made about that letter of his which he declares to this day she opened."

"That did not suggest itself to me," said Nippy, with rather a perplexed look; "why did you not present that objection?"

"I thought you ought to know best, Solomon, and I did what you told me."

"Well, it's done now," said Nippy—"I hope no harm will accrue from it."

Solomon Nippy was an oracle with all Inglebrook, because no one understood more than half he said. He knew long words without number, and used them in a haphazard style. If they were right, well and good; if not, he produced the same effect on the generality of his hearers. His wife was not thought much of as a scholar, but she had ten times the sense of Solomon, whose literary pride did not save him from being one of the most curious gossips in the village, and whose malpractices, as such, not unfrequently got him into trouble; still he was a kind-hearted man, and very diligent at the school.

He was rather abstracted once or twice during the afternoon lessons that day—his mind wandered upon the probable good fortune that awaited Will, and an uncomfortable sense of having committed himself in helping to open the letter troubled him, in spite of his pacifying arguments that "he did it purely out of kindness."

Mrs. Sharp met Will on her way home, and with some trouble made him understand that the letter was for him. Dressed in an old soldier's jacket and

a torn straw hat, the poor fellow was shuffling along with the usual gait of an idiot—though he was rather to be called half-witted—his head up in the air, talking incoherently to some who, in his imagination, were the companions of his walk.

"Will, here's a letter for you."

Will went on chattering—there were not many people to whom he vouchsafed speech, and Mrs. Sharp did not rank among them.

"Will, I say, here's a letter for you; and such a nice one; fit for a gentleman."

Will, at this, took the letter from her hand, and having carefully surveyed it, placed it solemnly in his pocket, muttering something about "Will's people."

"Oh, yes, Will, it's sure to be from your people; shall I read it for you—you know you can't read it, and then what good will it ever be to you?"

Will answered with a chuckling laugh, laid tight hold of his pocket, and began gabbling up in the air as before.

"There!" said Mrs. Sharp—as he went off towards the church, and she towards the shop—"that's just what I said; if we hadn't a read it for him, we should never have known nothing about it."

CHAPTER III.—THE CLACKITTS.

IF the outside of Mr. Clackitt's house gave signs of cost and care, the inside, if possible, showed more of both. All that ingenuity could suggest in useful and ornamental furniture was to be seen there; and their morning room, into which I am about to introduce my readers, was in the highest style, according to its size, of decoration and luxury. Indeed, had there been less furniture and more room, it would have been more to the taste of some.

Mr. Clackitt, who lounged in an easy-chair with a newspaper in his hand, was rather a portly man. His face had a restless, anxious expression, as if all the good things around him were not sufficient to satisfy him; his hair was white; his age about sixty, or beyond it; he had all the nervous irritability that very frequently torments a man who, having been all his life devoted to business, suddenly becomes idle and without employ. When first he retired from his warehouse, which he did with a large fortune, he had a house to build, and he determined to build it where he was not known, that he might be a great man—so he chose Inglebrook. His building was occupation for him till it was completed; then furnishing, laying out grounds, etc., took up his time. But when he had nothing more to do, he found out that there was something wanted which his money could not buy, and hence he was anything but happy. He was a very ambitious, proud man, and he thought the families in the neighbourhood would call upon him; so he determined to spare no expense in preparing for them, and to render himself worthy of their society, according to his view of the matter. He would not allow the Miss Clackitts to visit any farmers' families, except in an occasional condescending call; nor were they allowed to take tea too often at Mr. Flummers's, the doctor's, who lived about a mile from the village. The consequence of this was that it went the round of the ladies of Inglebrook, with Mrs. Flummers at their head, that "the Miss Clackitts did not mix;" and overtures to intimacy with them soon ceased. As none were made from the persons with whom Mr. Clackitt wished them to

associate, they passed their time in solitary grandeur, seldom seeing any beyond their own family circle.

This was a real trial to Mrs. Clackitt, a thoroughly kind-hearted woman, with a temper which neither the toils of business nor the solitude of private life could ruffle. The Miss Clackitts had been taught everything that young ladies are supposed capable of learning; that is to say, Mr. Clackitt had paid for every conceivable "extra" at an expensive school. Their aunt, Miss Clackitt, lived in the atmosphere of her brother's dignity, which she not unfrequently compromised through her anxiety to maintain and advance it.

The family were sitting at their various occupations; Mr. Clackitt was studying the prices of sugars from the paper in his hand, when the door opened, and Mr. Middleton was announced. Mr. Clackitt never knew how to behave to that gentleman: he wished to be regarded as the squire of Inglebrook, and patron of the clergy, and of all good things—he believed Mr. Middleton to be poor, because he lived in such humble lodgings, and yet he never knew how to patronise him. It mattered not whether he was free and affable, or stiff and consequential, Mr. Middleton was always calm, cool, and kind; and the impression left on him, after a meeting, was invariably, that if there had been any patronage, it was on the side of the clergyman. Mrs. Clackitt had been severely charged never to talk much before him, for he had such a winning manner that it was thought she might fall into indiscretions from being thrown off her guard; but she always welcomed him with good-humoured smiles and nods, and made the most of her opportunity if ever she met him alone, for he was a great favourite with her.

"Fine weather for the harvest, sir!" said Mr. Clackitt, after the first salutations were over.

"Remarkably so," said Mr. Middleton—"all hands are employed; I think there is scarcely a man left in the village. David Brownlow says it is the finest and earliest in-gathering he remembers since he was a lad."

"Strange old man that," said Mr. Clackitt; "there is something interesting about an old servant when the family he has lived in is gone—the Walthams are highly respectable. It's one of my weaknesses," he said, with an affable smile, "to look into pedigrees. My daughter, Rosabella, and I, are fond of that sort of thing—and we were noticing the other day that there is a slight connection between us and the Walthams. I forget what it is—these things slip out of one's head; but either my great grandmother was married into the Walthams, or one of the Walthams married a Clackitt, about that time."

Happy would Mr. Clackitt have been to have claimed relationship with a family living and thriving among the accepted gentry of the neighbourhood—but this he dared not do. To do it, however, with one of which not a member was at hand to contradict him, he thought was safe. Many had been the searches of his daughter, Rosabella, into the heraldic mysteries of the great ones around Inglebrook, but no shadow of right to fasten on any of them resulted from her labours. Mr. Clackitt knew that the expression "family tree" was one fit for gentility alone—so he would occasionally speak of his;—though, beyond what Rosabella told him, he was quite innocent of the subject.

Mr. Middleton was picking up Mrs. Clackitt's wool when her husband, so unexpectedly to her, asserted the family connection of Clackitt and Waltham. He looked up in surprise—not at the fact, which he knew to be no fact—but simply at the assertion.

"Indeed! then you and I must be connected, Mr. Clackitt, for I am of the Waltham family."

"You don't say so," said Mr. Clackitt, blushing up to the crown of his head—"ah, I have not our tree by me, but I dare say yours is a nearer branch than ours. Indeed, now I come to think of it, I am not sure that it is *these* Walthams, but it struck me it might be. I shall look at the tree again for the purpose of finding out—"

"You can take a shorter way than that; you can ask them, they are coming to the Manor House." There was a slightly mischievous smile on Mr. Middleton's face as he said this.

"Coming to the Manor House!" exclaimed the whole family with one voice.

Priscilla Clackitt, the second daughter, had left the room when her father had so unceremoniously converted himself into a Waltham; but Miss Rosabella, her elder sister, and Miss Clackitt, her aunt, assailed Mr. Middleton with questions innumerable as to who were coming, what sort of establishment would be kept up, etc., etc.

"Deary me, Mr. Middleton," said Mrs. Clackitt, "a power of servants will be wanted to keep up that lumbering old place, especially if they see a deal of company."

Mr. Clackitt had an uncomfortable presentiment that his dignity would be at a discount when the real squire of Inglebrook should appear; and he said, with a sort of mortified resignation, "Well, I'm very glad some one is coming to assist me to bear the weight of the parish. I should say there would be a visible improvement in Inglebrook to any of the family who may have resided here formerly."

"Yes, indeed, there must be. When Mrs. Waltham was here as a young woman there was no school, and now, thanks to you in a great measure, there is an excellent one; and the pump with its smart basin and the bright brook in place of a muddy ditch—all these Inglebrook owes to you, Mr. Clackitt."

"Mere trifles, sir—mere trifles! Of course men of substance have their duties; station and influence bring their troubles: we know that—we live for the public. For myself, I hope I shall always throw all my little power and interest into the scale of good and useful things; I hope, Mr. Middleton, you have not found me wanting when help was required for a good cause; you may always call on me, and depend on my cash and name. Don't mention it, sir—no thanks, I beg; it is my duty—a part of my position, as Rosabella was remarking yesterday."

Mr. Middleton bowed, smiled, looked at his watch, and rose to leave; but Miss Rosabella begged to know when the family would come.

"As soon as the necessary repairs are finished; Brownlow is full of trouble, for he cannot keep the men at work; you have seen the scaffolding up some two or three weeks, have you not?"

"Yes, but we understood it was going to be let after Christmas."

"No, the Walthams would not let it, there was no foundation for the report; most probably it was the fruit of Mrs. Sharp's ingenuity."

"But what a deal must be done," said Mrs. Clackitt; "they say the inside's all to pieces!"

"That is not true," said Mr. Middleton, "but it was in a sad state; it is getting on now, and in two or three weeks I hope will be quite as habitable as will be required."

"Are there young ladies?" said Rosabella.

"Mrs. Waltham has one daughter; but I cannot tell you how many of the family, nor what members of it, will come. Good morning."

"I am not sure," said Mr. Clackitt, as the door closed, "I am not at all sure that the Walthams will be any acquisition."

"Oh, pa!" said Rosabella, "I am so thankful they are coming. We shall have a chance of knowing some one now; that formal old creature wouldn't tell us, whether he knew it or not, if there were many young people; but I do hope and trust there are—of course you'll call?"

"Ye-e-s," said Mr. Clackitt, with hesitation, "I don't know how it is, but I've heard that the Walthams are noted for pride. Flummers was saying so only the other day."

"Well, pa, I don't think people are any the worse for a little pride; you know you are always preaching up to us not to let ourselves down."

"Ye-e-s," said Mr. Clackitt, with the same tone of indecision, and in somewhat an absent manner. "I hope," he added, after a pause, "I hope they will turn out pleasant neighbours. I am sure I have every disposition to be friendly, if they'll take us in a plain way."

"And I'm sure, Thomas, *that's* the last way you want to be taken in, for all you say so. I don't believe the manor-house will have such good furniture as you've got here, and I'm thinking you will give them better dinners than they can give you; for Mrs. Flummers says they are as poor as they are proud, only a' course they keep up outside show a bit."

"I believe that's true," said Mr. Clackitt, who felt much relieved at the thought; for the advantage his money would give him over them might keep him in his present position of "Squire of Inglebrook"—at any rate he might share the dignity with the newcomers.

"Yes," he continued, "I believe they are poor. Well, any neighbourly attentions we can show them, we will;" and his face assumed its most condescending smile of patronage.

"I'm sure they won't be no less welcome for being poor," said Mrs. Clackitt. "I hope the girls are musical," said Rosabella. "It will be so charming to play concerted music, and have '*soirées musicales*.'"

"Brother," said Miss Clackitt, "how will you do about church? We have always, you know, used the manor-house pew, because the only one you could hire was not large enough; it will be most unpleasant to change."

"But we must change, Miss Clackitt," said the old lady, "quickly, and the one as Thomas rents will do very well, brushed up."

"It must be done at once," said Mr. Clackitt, "lined with red, and cushioned;" and he rose to ring the bell.

"And you'll have the arms painted on the door, like the Walthams, won't you?" said Rosabella.

"Why, what's the good o' that?" asked her mother; "much better have a brass plate with your name on, if you have anything, Thomas, like

Flummers, you know—I'm sure I wouldn't go imitating them great people."

"No," said Rosabella, with a sneer; "mamma would rather imitate Mr. Flummers; and to do it effectually she wishes to do it in church, where every one can see it. Pa, of course you will have the arms painted?"

"Of course, my dear!"

And the man of business was sent for to take orders forthwith, that the pew might be ready to receive the Clackitt family by Sunday week at farthest—Mr. Clackitt following the servant out of the room to repeat his orders of speed.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Clackitt, "we needn't a' talk o' them being proud. I know somebody as is a match for anybody in that line;" and her eye rested very unequivocally on her daughter and sister-in-law. "Time was," she continued, "when we shouldn't a' looked down on Flummerses and Thatchers, and such; but they aint counted good company now."

"Ma!" said Rosabella, indignantly, "pa has ordered, over and over again, that you should not make any allusions to 'time was,' as you call it; really, I believe you would gladly see us the lowest of the low. Isn't it dreadful, aunt?"

"Mrs. Clackitt certainly forgets my brother's being a man of substance, influence, and station," said Miss Clackitt, who heard these expressions so often that they were quite her own, and, to her, were the embodiment of the Clackitt dignity.

Mrs. Clackitt had no wish to stand this double fire. Gathering up her knitting, she retreated, leaving Miss Rosabella and her aunt to settle the probabilities of *soirées*, and picnics, and archery meetings; and going in search of her daughter Priscilla, whom she found, as she expected, in the larder, arguing the cook out of all things that promised to be useful to her pensioners,—

"I thought I should find you here, Priss," she exclaimed, with a merry, loving look. "Well, there's one comfort—I believe if you get what you want for Watling Will, and blind Jane, and the rest of your friends, you won't die o' the dumps, let the Walthams be as proud as they will."

DIPSOMANIA.

In a former article under this heading, we drew attention to the fact of the establishment of late years in America, of "Inebriate Asylums," or places of refuge and retreat, for those who are temporarily insane from indulgence in intoxicating liquors.

We purpose to add a few further particulars on this interesting subject, chiefly derived from Mr. Parton's article in the "Atlantic Monthly" for October, 1868, entitled "Inebriate Asylums and a Visit to One."

It seems there are now four of these institutions in America. The first was originated somewhere about 1846 or 1848, by an Englishman, a quack doctor, it is said, living in New York. He organised subscriptions and procured a charter, which led to the purchase of land at Binghampton, in the state of New York, about 200 miles from New York city, and situate on the line of the Erie railroad. The second was opened in 1857, at Boston, and called the Washingtonian Home; the third was commenced at

Media, in Philadelphia, in 1867; and the fourth at Chicago, in 1868.

Somewhere about 1864 or 1865, the trustees of the Binghampton Asylum became dissatisfied with the founder and manager of their institution, and after a struggle he was induced to withdraw for a sum, it is said, of \$1,000 dollars, and gave place to Dr. Albert Day, who for nine years had been superintendent of the Home at Boston. Under Dr. Day, the Binghampton Asylum has had a prosperous career, and gives promise of an increased sphere of usefulness, when its buildings are complete, and its pleasure-grounds and farms laid out and in working order.

Dr. Day is himself a remarkable character. It is stated that he was not a professional man, but only a business man of good New English education. He had, however, two special qualifications for the place he now fills—first, a singular degree of compassion for drunkards, and secondly, a firm belief that with timely and proper assistance, more than half of them can be reclaimed. The loss of his father at thirteen brought out all the independence of his character. Swinging a bundle, containing all his earthly goods, over his shoulder, he walked away to a farmer's house not many miles off, and said to him: "Do you want to hire a boy?" The farmer said, "Yes;" and took him into his service immediately, where, from hoeing corn and chopping wood, he advanced to an apprenticeship, and then to the learning of a mechanical trade. Thence he made his way to an early marriage, decent prosperity, and a seat in the Massachusetts Legislature. From sixteen he is known to have been a strict teetotaler.

The circumstance that first convinced Mr. Day of the possibility of reforming drunkards was thus related by him to Mr. Parton:—"One evening when he came home from his work, he heard that a certain Jack Watts, the sot of the neighbourhood, was starving, with his wife and three young children. After tea he went to see him. In treating this first patient, Albert Day hit upon the very method which he has since so successfully pursued. On entering Watts's cottage he treated him with politeness, and after the usual salutation, said, 'Mr. Watts, I hear you are in straitened circumstances.' The man, who was then tolerably sober, replied: 'I am; my two youngest children went to bed crying for food, and I had none to give them. I spent my last three cents over there,' pointing to a grog-shop opposite, 'and the barkeeper said to me, as he took the money, says he, "Jack Watts, you're a fool," and so I am.' Instead of reading him a moral lecture, Albert Day said, 'Mr. Watts, excuse me for a few minutes,' and he went out, returning soon with a basket containing some flour, pork, and other materials for a supper. 'Now, Mrs. Watts, cook something, and wake your children up and give them something to eat. I'll call again early in the morning. Good night.' When Mr. Day called the next morning the family had had their breakfast, and Jack Watts smiled grateful thanks on the man whom he had been wont to regard as his enemy, because he was the declared enemy of Jack Watts's enemy. Now was the time for a little talk. Jack Watts explained his desperate circumstances, and Mr. Day promised him for that day a dollar's worth of wood-chopping to do. Into the softened, receptive mind of Jack Watts, Albert Day conveyed the substance of a rational temperance lecture. He spoke to him kindly, respectfully, hopefully, strongly.

Jack Watts was convinced. He said he had done with drink for ever. That day the wood was chopped. The dollar to be paid for the work at the close of the day was a fearful ordeal for poor Jack, living within fifteen yards from a bar-room. Mr. Day called round in the evening, paid him the dollar without remark, fell into ordinary conversation with the family, and took his leave. John stood the test; not a cent of the money found its way into the till of the bar-keeper. Next morning Mr. Day was there again, and seeing that the patient was going on well, spoke to him further about the future, and glided again into the main topic, dwelling much upon the absolute necessity of total and constant abstinence. He got the man a place, visited him, held him up, fortified his mind, and so helped him to complete and lasting recovery. Jack Watts never drank again. He died a year or two ago in Maine, at a good age, having brought up his family respectably."

This, according to Mr. Parton, was Mr. Day's first convert. When the Home was opened in Boston, he took a warm interest in it, and became its superintendent, and from thence, as we have said, proceeded to Binghampton.

Mr.—or, as he must now be called, Dr.—Day's observations on drunkenness amount to this—that drunkards are of two kinds, occasional and regular. The two classes present varieties—no two cases are exactly alike; but every drunkard is either a man who cannot do without a certain amount of alcoholic stimulant every day, or who cannot do without an enormous quantity at intervals of uncertain length.

The amount of liquor consumed by habitual drunkards varies from a pint a day to two quarts. Many, it is said, consume a quart of whisky a day, for years; and the regular allowance of one gentleman, of high social and official position in America, who found his way to the inebriate asylum, was two quarts of brandy a day for about five years.

Mr. Parton records the case of a well-known inhabitant of New York, who confesses to taking fifty drinks of whisky a day—that is to say, ten to a bottle, and five bottles to the gallon. So he gets through a gallon *per diem*, and is said never to be absolutely in want of help in getting home at night. This is one of the hopeless cases.

The struggles, on the other hand, made by some of these unfortunate men to escape from their thralldom, are described as prodigious. But their efforts neutralise themselves; it is in alcohol alone that they can find the stimulant that is necessary to enable them to exert any energy whatever. Dr. Day has made some physiological researches, and fancies he has discovered an enlargement of certain globules in the blood, and in the tissue of the liver and other organs of drunkards, which seemed to suggest a cause for that perpetual craving for drink which is so marked a feature of every drunkard's condition, and which is the determining cause of his wretched habit being maintained unceasingly from day to day.

The other class, the occasional drunkards, on the other hand, are the men who are teetotalers, or very nearly so, for weeks or months, and who, at the end of that period, are tempted to take one glass of spirits. That single glass is sufficient to excite their desires, and, at the same time, pervert their judgment. Their family, friends, business, sink into insignificance in their eyes—they wonder they have been such fools as to care so much about them. Or they fancy they can drink without being found out; or that it

will not hurt them so much as it did before. From some form of delusion or other they suffer; and so they go on drinking without stint for days or months, until they end at last either in utter prostration, or in *delirium tremens*. They must then resort to medical help of some kind; and, during their gradual recovery, go through the agonies of remorse and despair, until, with renewed health, their hopes revive.

It is for the benefit of both these classes that the Binghampton Asylum has been established. Men may be brought there, or may come themselves, either with or without previous notice. No restraint is placed upon the patient except this—that until it is proved that he can safely venture, no one is allowed to go to Binghampton without the consent of the superintendent. Any one surreptitiously selling wine or spirits to a known inmate of the asylum is, by a state regulation, subject to a fine of fifty dollars. Sometimes the key is turned upon a patient, but, it is said, never except at his previous request. There are also some barred rooms in one of the wards, which are used just in the same way, as remedial measures.

The two grand objects, says Mr. Parton, are, first, to improve the bodily health; and, secondly, to strengthen the weakened will. Each individual is made the subject of particular study; the superintendent tries to win his confidence, and to discover the point upon which he particularly requires assistance.

It is most interesting, observes Mr. Parton, to notice the demeanour and condition of the various applicants at the office of the asylum. Some are far gone in intoxication, having, perhaps, screwed up their courage by one final debauch, and being not unfrequently encouraged thereto by the mistaken pity of the companion or friend who has brought them thither. A clergyman told the writer that he came to Binghampton, and went to bed drunk. He had to fortify himself with twelve glasses of brandy before he could present himself next morning at the institution. Some arrive perfectly emaciated with weeks of hard drinking; others in a state of *delirium tremens*, and requiring restraint. Some are in abject terror, and expect to be hurried off to confinement immediately. To them, it need not be said, the treatment affords an agreeable surprise.

The new comer pays his money for three months in advance, as a passenger pays for a sea voyage beforehand, thus relieving his mind of all cares about his maintenance during the interval.

Many hard drinkers, we are told, live under the conviction that if they were suddenly to leave off drinking diluted alcohol in some form they should die. These people are speedily undeceived in more senses than one. Dr. Day invariably insists upon their leaving off *all* intoxicating liquor, and *at once*. As to the propriety of this, we believe, doctors are not quite agreed; but this is the rule at Binghampton; and our author informs us that it is a fact—which Dr. Day's experience has established—that there is less suffering to the patient in breaking off altogether at once, than in "tapering off," as he expresses it. In some instances the craving is so violent as to prevent sleep, and then a dose of bromide of potassium has to be administered. But the sensation goes off in two or three days, and, unless provoked by actual drinking, never returns.

The clergyman before referred to told Mr. Parton that for two years and a half before entering the asylum, he had drank a quart of brandy daily, and

felt confident he should die if he were suddenly to cease. Having, as above mentioned, drank twelve glasses of brandy before presenting himself at the office door, he expected to stay only just long enough to make his preliminary arrangements, and to go back again to Binghampton, and finish the day drinking. But he was mistaken; the doctor laid hands upon him, allowed him no carriage to return to the town, but sent down to the hotel for his luggage, and at the same time paid his bill. The brandy was cut off from that hour. The patient suffered terribly for two days, but since that time had not known what it was to feel thirst for intoxicating liquor.

IN THE CAMP AT WIMBLEDON.

WE are reminded by the announcement of the meeting of the National Rifle Association of a pleasant visit we paid in 1868. It was one of those best July days, bright but breezy, and though sunny not sultry, at least on the Wimbledon heights, whatever it might be in the streets of London. Arrived at the Putney station, we found cabs, omnibuses, and vehicles of all sorts ready to run up to the camp for sixpence each passenger. Members of the Association are admitted on showing their tickets, if not known by headmark to the experienced police and sentries. Strangers pay a shilling to get "inside the pale," which is literally a white paling or deal boarding inclosing some miles of the common. The first impression is not quite that of a regular military camp, with its straight lines and intersections, yet the effect is more striking and picturesque to a civilian eye, from the variety of tents and marquees, with flags of all forms and colours floating in the breeze.

It happened to be the "second stage" of the Queen's Prize, the great honour of the year, and thousands had been attracted by this exciting, though to the uninitiated not very interesting contest. Less heroic sights attracted us, and we found ourselves strolling through the bazaars and shops of "High Street," where every article for camp life may be purchased, from telescopes and shooting-boots down to cigars and lucifers. In the great marquee are exhibited trophies and prizes in much splendour and variety. Here we must confess that the commercial and advertising element largely mingled with the patriotic and military. To see the Elcho shield or the St. George's trophy is gratifying, but the touting of the silversmiths' agents and the praises of rival binoculars rather break the charm. But we must not be critical, so pass on to the great restaurant of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, or whoever may be the contractor of the year. All prices and all tastes are here provided for, from the cheap ordinary to the expensive dinner by the *carte*. In the precincts of the dining-rooms, and especially on the veranda of the saloon, the photographers are busily plying their craft, diligent in business, like the silversmiths and telescope-sellers already referred to. We gaze with due respect at a tent where we are told a council is being held, about some weighty point of dispute as to the cartridges used by one of the successful competitors in a match. Thence we move towards "Head Quarters," attracted by sounds of music, the band playing its best in honour of fair visitors who have been at lunch with the chiefs. We also look in at "the Club Tent," on the tables of which lie the leading newspapers and periodicals, including the

"Earwig," a sort of *charivari* of the camp. Other tents are pointed out, especially a great one where Divine service is conducted on Sundays.

We have fallen in by this time with a friend of the London Scottish, who proposes a visit to the camp of that distinguished corps. We have already noticed the camp of the Victorians, or First Middlesex, and have admired their spacious mess marquee, their ingenious cuisine, and the neat flower beds, which remind us of the taste shown in the French camps. We have also visited the camp of the Queen's Westminster, the Surrey Volunteers, and the First London Rifle Brigade; but our guide hastens us towards the Scottish camp, conspicuous from afar by its tall flagstaff and yellow banner, with the lion rampant of Scotland in the centre. No dainty flower beds are here, but two huge thistles flank the entrance to the mess tent.

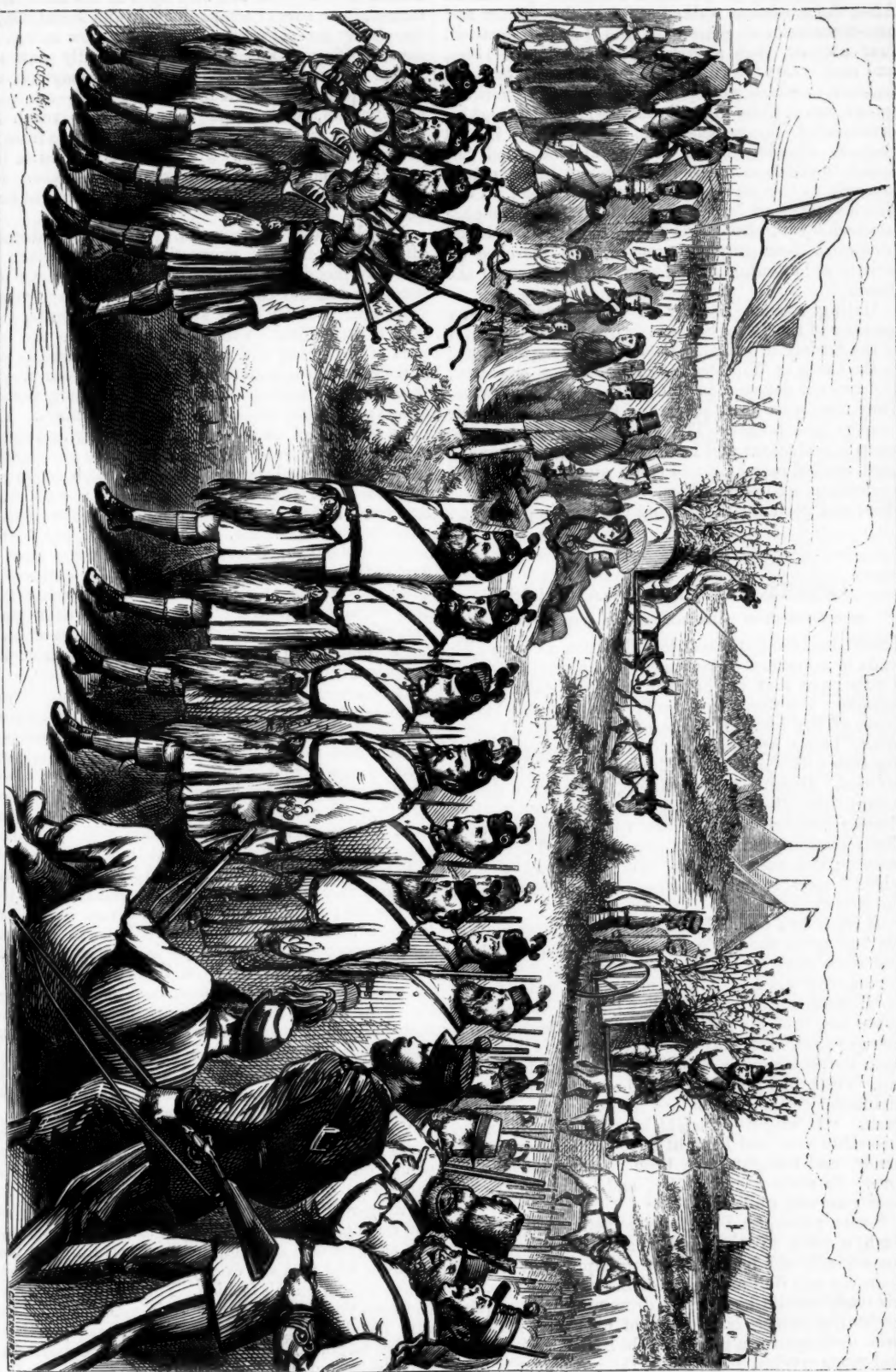
Hither we returned later in the evening, after visiting the shooting-butts, and dining comfortably at the great restaurant. The "gathering of the clans" had commenced after the labours of the day, and the time of relaxation had come. Scottish songs were sung, and Scottish dances danced. These civilised Celts jump (with occasional howls) as vehemently as Kaffirs or Maoris.

"The pipers loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew."

The genuine Scotch reel was here seen to perfection. Then followed the sword dance or "Gillie Callum," a wonderful performance to the unkilted beholders. Our guide points out to us the lions of the Scottish camp: Lord Elcho, more popular in the camp than in the Cave; Mr. Malcolm, M.P., towering head and shoulders above even average Scotchmen; "Rob Roy" MacGregor, everywhere known and loved; the genial and courteous Adjutant Page; the veteran Horatio Ross, as firm in tread and sure in sight as his son, who has also worn the "blue riband" of the camp; and Angus Cameron, a delicate-looking youth, who, a bystander tells us, has twice carried the Queen's gold medal to a "sequestered" Highland valley. There is a vast fund of humour and wit and good-fellowship in the Scottish camp. To the thistles aforementioned, a curious illustration of Scottish humour is attached. They were presented by Captain Mackenzie, the fatherly-looking chief of the first Kilt Company. Captain Mackenzie has his residence and garden on the common, and on presenting the thistles bethought him of bringing them to the camp with due honour. A numerous fatigue party was told off to form guard to two carts drawn by donkeys, on which the national emblems were mounted. Pipers led the way. The strange and novel procession started shortly before gun-firing, when all the camp was receptive of fun. The camp correspondent of the "Times" thus described the scene:—

"Instances of *esprit de corps* among the occupants of the regimental camps are accepted as a matter of course. But the London Scottish surprised and amused the whole camp by a proceeding, apparently solemn, deliberate, and national in its character, which set everybody wondering what it could possibly mean. Between six and seven o'clock, before the evening gun was fired, and just as the great body of competitors was streaming towards the central refreshment-hall, the sound of bagpipes was heard in the distance, and as these drew nearer it was per-

"THE SCOTCHMEN PRESERVED THEIR GRAVITY UNMOVED, AND MARCHED ON, PIERCED IN FRONT, STRICTLY 'AT ATTENTION,' AS IF CARRYING TREASURE TO THE TOWER."—*Times*



ceived that the pipers headed a regular procession. After the musicians walked some of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the London Scottish, four abreast, then a guard with shouldered rifles, and next a cart drawn by donkeys harnessed tandem-fashion, in which were placed, under proper military guard, two or three gigantic thistle-plants, in highly-ornamented flower-pots. A second cart, in all respects similarly filled, drawn, and attended, followed the first, members of the escort being placed not only in the carts, but beside each wheel. Continuous peals of laughter at the mock triumphal procession rang from every side, but the Scotchmen preserved their gravity unmoved, and marched on strictly at 'attention,' as if carrying treasure to the Tower."

Hating war as heartily as it is hated by any member of the Peace Society, or by any fair daughter of the Society of Friends, we can yet see great good in the camp at Wimbledon. *Defensio non provocatio*, Defence not defiance, is the motto of the volunteers. They form a national police for the security of our hearths and homes. The annual gathering at the camp is a pleasant and healthful holiday to many a hard-worked merchant and clerk, and to men of all professions and occupations. May they enjoy good cheer and good weather during the meeting of 1870!

"MIGHT HAVE BEEN," AND "IS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE," ETC.

I HAVE had the happiness to light upon a door which leads to innumerable passages of exploration—upon a title-page that might head libraries rather than volumes. For proof, turn back, oh reader, the folded pages of thy life. Yea, those that reluctantly come apart, being seldom opened now—perhaps glued together with dried tears. Buried hopes; lost opportunities. Dreams well-nigh forgotten; grey disappointments. Page after page headed, chapter after chapter entitled, volume after volume lettered, with that sometimes sad and sometimes blessed title, "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!" Ay, every man and woman whom I meet, is not a volume, but a literature, on the subject.

It might have been. From the beaten chess-player, playing again the lost game, and writhing over that one weak move, or that one oversight—to Napoleon, poring over his lost battle and empire, in his weary St. Helena exile—from the boy leaving his marbles in the hands of his playmate, to the gamester rising utterly ruined from the cards; the retrospect that calls forth the sentiment is often bitterly sad and mortifying. Often one that beats the hands together in an involuntary clasp, and bathes the eyes with a sudden gush. "It might—it *might* have been!" I am so miserable now, and I might have been so happy. So lonely, and I might have been so surrounded with love. So stained and guilty, and I might have yet been pure and guiltless!

Such a retrospect I can fancy sometimes bringing a hush, a quiet, to the elderly man alone now in life, some kindly old bachelor, not unhappy, but a little yearning and dull and subdued in heart at times. In his study he sits by himself, drumming with a quiet meditative sadness on the arm of his chair. He has been looking over a packet of old letters, yellow now, and much cracked at the folds, the ink pale, the blue

ribbon faded. One was still open in his hand as he turned, for a sort of companionship and sociability, to the cheery fire. Perhaps for an hour now he has sat thus, looking at, but not seeing its kindly glow and flicker; he hears the servant in the passage clattering the preparations for his solitary meal—one plate and napkin, with never a *vis à vis* to relish the viands—he wakes from his thought, he rises from his chair; I do not know what pictures his mind had been busy hanging on his heart's blank walls. But he quietly thinks aloud: "Ah, well—it might have been!"

We change as we grow old. The completed statue often disappoints the suggestion that was given by the clay model. You, my friend, have grown old, somehow, in the course of but a poor sixty years; your hair is white, your step more deliberate, your eyes a little dim. You sit in your Office the best part of the spring and summer days. There is just a little hardness and nearness, now, in your way of thinking and looking at things; in your judgment of others; in your dealings with your juniors. You have grown, let us confess it, a little dry and stern; you call poetry rubbish, now; love, the sentimental folly of girls and boys. Life has more important matters than such dreamy nonsense; and these matters of first importance must be attended to entirely, not, mark me, only by yourself, but by the young undustheaped hearts with which you have to deal. Getting money is, of course, the business of chief importance to which you allude. And reasonably so, since (equally, of course) you can draw it all, and take it away with you, after your latest and last office hours, and when you retire finally from the great counting-house of the world.

It is not only in your business life, in the City, in office hours, that you are not only thus dry, harsh, severe, unallowing, exacting, averse to holiday-giving, and to young people marrying. No, your heart, you will find, returns evidence of being somewhat shrunk and smoke-dried, even when you have left that dingy, solemn room for your own mansion. Once it was but a cottage with you, and not very capitolally furnished; but then a loving little wife used to run to the door and kiss you after the long day in London, as though she had not seen you for a week; and how many small events of the day there seemed to hear and to tell! You had had some dim prospect opened of a rise in your salary; your senior had sourly refused you that little extra recess for which you had at last summoned heart to plead—the goal for so much looking forward; the raw material out of which were woven so many plans. Basil, you were informed, begins to say "Father," and you were bound, on hearing the attempt at six o'clock next morning, to take his mother's word for the significance of the somewhat generic sound.

Your wife never runs out to open the door now—three footmen share that office between them. And when you have parted with coat, hat, and umbrella, you go at once upstairs, without looking into the drawing-room where your wife is sitting. And when you do enter it, you go straight to the fire; perhaps you administer a snub on the way, certainly not that vigorous kiss that she even yet sometimes remembers in her quiet woman's fashion. You have your dinner; you read your paper; you doze in your chair. Your wife has long ago forgotten her music, you have almost forgotten that you once loved to hear that sweet refreshment after the dry day's work.

But, ah! how different all this might have been: and life's line might have led through such other different scenery. At one time you thought it would. You, who now pooh-pooh "all that nonsense," were full, at one time, of fresh young, bright feelings; full of disinterested attachments and service; full of passionate, generous ambitions; full, it may be, of poetry, romance, and love. The dust of the world's roadside had not then collected upon the gleaming freshness of your spring greenery. Money as an object! You would have scorned the idea. Fame, honour, love—perhaps a higher object than any of these—were then your ideal goal.

"At least not rotting like a weed,
But, having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of further thought and deed,
To pass, when life her light withdraws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause."

Life was some great unbroken sea, and your bark was to glide into it grandly and eagerly, turning the opposing waters hither and thither in a foam, and attaining to I know not what glorious shore.

What old castles-in-the-air you used to build with those younger brothers of yours, while you walked amid the pleasant autumn scent, on the soft leaf-carpet, in the sunlit, mist-hazed lanes. How they used to look up to you, and enter into all your great schemes and dreamings! (They, too, are old now: you don't often meet; the youngest you have not seen for years.) Your first accepted article, your first printed poem, in the "Family Clarion," what a dignity these gave you in their eyes; what a believing, admiring audience that little audience used to be! Little doubt had *they* about your high anticipations being realised—the world would soon, of course, be ringing with your name. And such romantic, idyllic, pastoral dreams were yours—you dry, pompous old city man!—dreams unpractical, absurd, if you will; yet surely graceful at that time of life, and to be borne with by elders whose hearts still have juice in them. Such Wordsworth cottages, with sloping wooded hills dove-tailing in the landscape about you; and thence, from that nightingale retirement to sing to the listening world. Do you remember writing to Poesy, your then mistress, in some such strains as these?—

"Wilt thou smile on me?
Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!
As well may some wild maiden waste her love
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove,
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock:
I, a weak wave, would break on thee, and die."

And again:—

"Be it known,
Ye men! ye critics! that beneath the sun
The chiefest woe is this: When all alone,
And strong as life, a soul's great currents run,
Poesy-ward, like rivers to the sea,
But never reach it."

Before that blossom-bloom of life (over-luxuriant, may be, but not necessarily all purposeless), before that romantic epoch died away, a terrible crush came upon its fragile sentiment. The offer came of entering a business in London—most opposite to your ideals and imaginings and high ambitions—but which presented a good prospect of getting on in life. It was a pull, but you manfully gave up dreams for duty. Life's prose must come, but I

think that it is none the worse for having been preceded by a blossom-time of poetry. Nor, though you could never subsist on a garden all of flowers, need the cabbages and potatoes drive out of it every rose, forget-me-not, or daisy?

It was a long time before you got to like that humdrum, treadmill life—Pegasus drawing a cab—a long while before you became at all reconciled to it. But there is only one dew that has virtue to keep the heart's garden fresh during the duller time between the blossoms' fall and the red fruit on the bough. And this dew is not born of earth. And, without this dew, marring dust gradually collects over our young, generous, beautiful ideas and feelings,—until the heart becomes like a roadside Brixton garden.

You were not careful thus to refresh those new-leaved, bright young plants; and by degrees the neglected leaves and flowers drooped, and sickened, and yellowed, and died. Spring with you passed not into summer's hush, nor autumn's colour, but into a smoke-dried, bare, unlovely hot winter (so to call it), like that in a London square in July. You are dry and common-place, *practical*, you call it, and can laugh at those old ebullitions in others, and blush to recall them in yourself. The loss of a hundred pounds would seem a far "chiefer woe" than any failing of Fame's or Love's or Philanthropy's young dreams. You have become almost a part of your chill, fusty office, of the city streets, and the opposite dark streams of money-thinking men. The sweet June days awaken no craving in your heart for the thick June leaves. The country is all very well. But, somehow, you are always unsettled there, always more at home in the town.

But sometimes, yes, sometimes, more and more seldom now, alone in your own room, or alone in your own thought in the crowded London streets, a gush of soft air comes suddenly, uncalled, across your heart; the fog of years, the selfish and gross mists that have gathered over the landscape of those early days, unfolds for an hour or so, and rolls away. The beauty of that scenery is sad, is depressing to you at such times. You see the whole thing very plainly, though indeed without acknowledging it even to yourself. Your life has been a failure. It is not what it *might have been*; nay, it has even deteriorated from that which it once was. You were poor then; you are rich now. But, upon the whole, you see it, though you will not say it: you are a loser, not a gainer. Those old beauties of youth were crude, it is true. But now, you have nothing at all of beauty, in life. You have made your fortune. But you have lost yourself. For, "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

And it is not what we *have*, but what we *are*, that makes us rich or poor. This, all this, in spite of yourself, in spite of your self-complacency in your office, among deferential subordinates—this you do sometimes feel. The burden of a sad music it is, a depressing cadence, a song without words, mournfully earnest like the pealing of bells over the Strand. And the warm, sorrowful gush that came across your heart whispers mournfully there *what might have been*, and dies with a thin chill sigh into *that which is*.

The great "Might-have-been!" The little "Is!" We all cannot choose but testify, with a sigh more or less sad, to our proprietorship in these words. Such mountains in labour! Such a *ridiculus mus* creeping forth after all! Such settling down upon small

achievement after starting with such big intention! We dream of palaces, with our basket of eggs at our feet. We wake from our reveries, glad, if we may save, out of the overturned dozens, here and there one poor egg, less broken than the rest, that may serve for a homely pudding. The silver Past and the Britannia-metal Present sing much such a duet in our lives as that of two returned tourists, which I quote from a volume whose thoughts, though often beautiful, yet more generally sadden than gladden true hearts:—

"And it was told, 'the Past' narrating, 'the Present' correcting,

Colouring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in picture,
He to a matter-of-fact still softening, paring, abating;
He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime and ideal;
He to the merest it-was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing,
River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope subduing."

Ah (but I have said it before), life is here a series of coming short of great designs; of taking twopence, like little David Copperfield, when we had set our minds on eighteenpence; of haggling hard with the years for that we at first asked, but still being beaten down, beaten down! Yes,—but there are better things in store for those that are looking beyond.

Yet, it must be said, even in this sole worthy aim, even in the life that, in all its minor concerns, willed to have for its chief aim the glory of God; how earnest hearts, when years are declining, must lament youth's unrealised schemes and chilled ardour: must sigh, scarce less sadly at present than the others, over what might have, but has not, been; the great things they thought to do for their Master, and the little, little that is done!

A very sad "Might-have-been" is that which follows after death, "the death of a dear friend," especially if we seem of late to have been in any way neglectful, and any little attention omitted that might have been shown. "We didn't think," we sadly muse, "that there was any danger of our losing him so soon." And there arises within us a great hunger and craving to write and tell him so: we almost fancy that we can. Ah, there is a too-late box now staring us in the face, for such delayed letters as that! Nor will any amount of extra postage secure for us the privilege that we possessed, and neglected. Yes, 'tis sad work for wife or husband, parent or child, to sit and tell the beads of past hours that are holy now. Such little slights seem now so great and cruel, such light neglects as though huge injuries. They come back to us, in our loneliness; yea, we call them to us, by a fascination that we cannot help—just as a tooth that is quiet unless touched, keeps us ever craving to test it; those old, aching, gnawing might-have-beens—

"The little wrong, now greatly rued,
Which no repentance now can right."

Ay, and since here, "where all things limp and halt," none of us can hope to have kept our love

"without default,
Pitched at the true and heavenly tone,"

there will come to us, even to every one of us, with a gush of passionate remorse, saddest among our store of might-have-beens:

"The hour which *might have been* more kind,
And now less fertile in vain tears."

Some might-have-beens are bitter sweet. Do you suppose that Robin did not, all his life long, trea-

sure and fondly hoard up that sad, delicious last message—

"Say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many worthier than I would make him happy yet.
If I had lived, I cannot tell, I *might have been* his wife."

Ay, the old man used, in his unmarried age, often to take out of his heart's secret drawer, this sweet dried flower that had never lost its scent. Again, for a might-have-been, pretty well all bitter, take poor false Amy, beside her clownish husband, in that perfect desolation, pictured in a few wonderful words; learning, poor soul,

"That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things;"

lying in that dreary room awake,

"In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof."

"Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall."

"Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep."

"Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears."

"And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain,
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again."

Or the poor girl in "Auld Robin Gray," when she found, after her marriage, that her young lover was still alive—

"I dare not think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin."

Yet, do you suppose, that, spite of the brave honest heart,—now and then, when the old man had been away from home, all through a long day—the spinning-wheel did not stop, and the hands sink on the lap, and the eyes fix dreamily, devily, on the horizon, beyond the heather hills; and the heart, with its yearnings and capacities for an equal love, for the voice of children, and the young lover-husband coming home at the gloaming; the poor heart, I say, became busy, busy, busy, not with Jamie now, for that wad be a sin; but with what *might-have-been*?

Often, I think, this word has a sad sound to married hearts, ill assorted; where, through any cause, the parties do not understand one another sufficiently for unison or even harmony of life and thought. Quick feelings and sympathies, and powers of loving, stopped at the fount, and either dried up, or compelled to steal on, singing to themselves only in an underground stream. Tendrils, once reaching out, eager and ready to cling for ever round a congenial stem; that now twist back into themselves, and clench into vain, empty knots. Eyes that might have been so bright and full of expression,—so listless now; hearts that might have been so loving, grown now so cold!

Such married might-have-beens are sad, no doubt. But there is another side of the picture. For example, and for a specimen of a thankful utterance of the phrase, see Jean Ingelow's poem, "The Letter L," especially at the conclusion. There the married man finds out, with deep gratitude, that, whereas he *might have been* mated with a cold, ugly heart, made deceptive by the masking of a "perfect face," and

"brown blessed eyes," he is matched with a sweet fair girl, right worthy of his love. Perhaps, my reader, you too may have one or more of such thankful might-have-beens, somewhere stored in your memory.

"Well, Heaven be thanked, my first-love failed,
As, Heaven be thanked, our first-loves do!"

The poet's emphatic rapture at the overturning of what might-have-been, may find an echo in your own mind. You look gratefully and gladly at the dear wife, whom the formed deliberate taste of your mature heart chose, and who suits you more and more every day that you pass together; growing more and more to your ways and manner of thinking; leaning more implicitly on your judgment, and yet assisting you with her woman's-wit; becoming, in a word, more and more a friend, an intimate companion, a help-meet for you, year by year. And you thank God.

"What have I done that He should bow
From heaven to choose a wife for me?
And what deserved, He should endow
My home with thee."

How miserable you might have been with that pretty little thing with whom you fell so madly in love at Mrs. Hyacinth's party, when you were just turned twenty! The sight of her, with demure, mischievous eyes, and rippling dusky hair, and prim alluring mouth—in a floating cloud of clear muslin—this was quite enough for you at that age. And for a long time you were still deluded; and, when she married, fancied that all that sort of thing was dead and buried for you. Why, now you know that you would hardly have had two thoughts in common, or a mutual taste. That balls, and meets of the hounds, and theatres, and such like (things for which you never much cared, and which palled on you long ago), are her only life. And that books, and writing, and rational converse—also that your wayside, ever-enjoyed beauties,

"The Harvest of a Quiet Eye,"—

are both wearisome and unmeaning to her. That she could never have understood you, your life would have been solitary, though married; and that there was but little for you to understand in her.

And thinking thus gratefully on what might have been, you lay down your pen, and go round to the sofa and kiss the dear wife who is knitting by the fire, her little dog being asleep upon her lap.

The word to us here on earth seems a sad one, when compelled by thoughts of genius snatched away before its work (it seems to us), had been done,

"The inheritors of unfulfilled renown:"

a Keats, a Hallam,—

"Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been."

Sad also is this phrase, when placed upon the grave-stone of neglected and lost opportunities; also when it glimmers through the hearts' memorial windows set up to old love and friendship dead. "It might have been," but the time and opportunity have long ago passed away. Had the lower step of the ladder been made ours when it was within our reach, it might have been that we had not now stood on the level ground. Had the old friendships been kept

up, it might have been that the heart had been less lonely now. Old quarrels might have been made up if but pride had not hindered that one little word. Ruined constitutions, broken health, broken hearts; these often, believe me, look back on what might have been! Young and old, the burden of this song soon begins to ring in the ears of all.

You *might have been* a double first-class man at Oxford, but you *were* plucked! You *might have been* Lord Chancellor—but you *are* briefless. You might have been Brodie or Lawrence, but you *are* a very small practitioner in a very small country village. You might have looked cosily at wife and child by a drawing-room fire—but you *are* a dull bachelor, alone in Furnival's Inn. You might have been respected—but you *are* despised. You might have been loved universally—but you *are* pretty generally disliked. You might have been dignified—but you *are* ridiculous. You might have been happy—but you *are* miserable. And, *vice versa*, let us remember, gratefully remember, for some of us in all these cases. Yea, sometimes two "might-have-beens" meet, one greatly palliating and mitigating the other. "It might have been better." Ay—but, "It might have been worse." And let us not neglect this nearly-always-present source of consolation.

But the saddest might-have-been shall be the last, Life is over and done. Your time has come to die. That life *might-have-been* given to your God, but it *has been* given to the world. That is a supremely mournful *might-have-been*—that of the worn and broken-hearted cardinal; deserted by his king; insulted by his peers—all his life's schemes, his life itself, one great heap of failure; whereas it *might-have-been* so different:

"O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies!"

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

BY JOHN KHAIST LORD, F.Z.S., NATURALIST TO THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITIONS.

CHAPTER XIX.—HIEROGLYPHIC TABLETS—VISIT TO A BEDOUIN CAMP—START FROM WADY GHENNEH.

In wandering down through Wady Sidreh, collecting plants and insects, I came quite by accident upon a number of graves. They were placed on a patch of ground just above the water-line, but not on elevated table-lands as were the graves at Wady Nasb, previously described. These graves at Sidreh, quite close to the base of the cliff, were surrounded by large stones from three to four feet long, placed upon their ends. The entrance ways varied in different graves; in some of them stones ranged along side by side in double lines marked out a path which led to the larger stones forming the circles; others had simply an entrance left by placing two of the larger stones a little way apart; while there were those but only half-encircled. In every detail of their arrangement these graves are exactly like the stone circles I have seen on Dartmoor and elsewhere, said to be of Druidical origin. Just what had happened to the graves at Nasb had befallen the graves at Ghennéh: nearly every one of them had been previously opened and despoiled of their contents. After a diligent search, I at last pitched upon one

that had escaped unscathed. Aided by a working party of soldiers, I most carefully examined this interesting relic.

I had better first of all describe its exterior conformation. The shape was that of a cross, minus one arm, the three arms being each fifty-seven yards long, measured from the centre, five feet wide, and three feet high. The three arms were constructed precisely upon the same plan: flat stones, three feet broad, were placed on edge end to end, five feet apart in the width, thus forming three passages or fenced ways leading to the centre. Upon these edging stones flat slabs were laid, and on these smaller stones were loosely heaped. The centre from which the three arms radiated was a square of about three feet six inches. On the side where there was no covered way, a large cairn of stones had been erected. First of all we moved away the stones from the three arms, but discovered nothing. The ends of the arms we found were very carefully walled off from the interior of the square forming the centre. Great care was exercised in opening this chamber. After removing a large pile of loose stones we came to a flat slab of great weight and thickness, which rested upon the four walls like a cover. Removing this, nothing was visible except extremely fine sand, dry as gunpowder. That I might the more easily dig away the sand, I caused one of the side walls to be removed, then with my hands, aided with my belt-knife, cautiously scraped away the sand, which was placed in a fine sieve and slowly sifted. Very soon I came upon a human skeleton, but so friable were the bones that it was only by the exercise of the most extreme care that I was enabled to make out its exact position. I am disposed to think the skeleton was that of a female, of mature years; firstly, from the extreme smallness of the bones; secondly, from the strings of beads that were hung round the neck, and the metal bracelet that encircled the wrist. When I first scraped away the sand, the beads forming the necklace were still in position, as was the bracelet. The body had been laid upon its left side, due east and west, the head eastward; the legs were doubled up, so that the knees must have nearly touched the chin. I tried to get the skull out, but to no purpose: the sand suddenly commenced to run like so much water, and with it went the beads and bone dust.

The beads were all collected. Most of them were made of variously coloured glass, but of different sizes, and ranging from a small pea to a large marble. Mixed in with the glass beads there were also marine shells, mostly cowries, rubbed flat on the sides and drilled for stringing, exactly like those found at Sarabet-el-Chadem and amidst the ruins of the town of the ancient miners. The bracelet was simply a ring of metal made to spring together at the ends to obviate the use of any fastening. The metal from which it was made is either copper or bronze. This is perhaps the most interesting part of the discovery, inasmuch as it clearly proves that the art of smelting was known, together with the employment of metal for ornamental purposes, although all the mining operations were carried on with stone tools. There can be very little, if any doubt, that the persons buried at this place, as I think I shall by-and-by be able to prove, were not belonging to the colony of miners who lived in the houses on the hill-top.

On the top of an adjoining grave to the one examined,

we found a beautifully-worked flint arrow-head, an illustration of which is given on page 424, together with the flint tools and stone hammers. I scarcely ever remember to have seen any arrow-head more exquisitely worked; it is nearly white, and the shape of a leaf, with a fine spill by which to fix it into the shaft of the arrow. When in North-West America, I obtained several flint arrow-heads of nearly similar shape, but certainly of very inferior workmanship. It had unquestionably been buried in the same grave with the body of, it may be, its owner; but when the grave was dug open it escaped observation by being mixed with the sand. Subsequent rains having washed the sand away, the arrow-head became sufficiently conspicuous to be easily observed.

Although most travellers speak of the turquoise mines as being in Wady Mâghâra, and in describing them I have myself so stated, to avoid complication of terms, yet there is really no such *wady* as Mâghâra, the word meaning "caves." The mines are, according to the Bedouins, in Wady Igné and a tributary to it, Wady Ignaiyeh. I feel pretty certain, as stated in a previous chapter, that a viaduct or causeway at one time led across the Wady Igné from the old town on the hill to the mines on the opposite escarpment. The remains of such a causeway are still observable; and over this the working parties were probably marched to and from their work in the mines; and if, as I am led to believe, the miners were slaves held in bondage by, and made to work for, the Egyptians, it will possibly account for their being kept together, as it were, in a kind of general prison on the top of a mountain. My reason for thinking the working miners must have been slaves is mainly due to investigating the hieroglyphic tablets to which I have so far only referred, and of which there are about twenty-four scattered along the face of the works. On thirteen of these tablets the hieroglyphics are cut in relief, the remainder being in intaglio. One of these tablets represents, I am very confident, the actual miners, because the type of their features, together with their costume, is entirely different to the costume and physiognomy of the ancient Egyptians as depicted on the adjoining and other tablets. One tablet represents the figures I take to be miners with their tools; the next to it an Egyptian soldier armed with a bow. The prisoners—miners as I suppose them to be—are depicted as wearing long, peaked beards, and high, sharp-topped, conical caps, or head coverings. What people they are intended to portray is rather difficult to say with any certainty, but probably Assyrian.

On one side of Wady Ghennéh there are traces of other old buildings most certainly coeval with the houses upon the top of the mountain, and near these ruins a large space of ground has been enclosed, partly by a low wall of stones piled loosely upon one another, and partly by a high bank of earth. For what purpose this piece of ground (about a quarter of an acre) could have been so fenced in I am at a loss to conjecture. A well-beaten trail or pathway leads from this enclosure up through the wady in the direction of the spring of water from which all the supplies for the present tenants of this wady are obtained; and the best water we drank, whilst exploring the peninsula, we got at this spring in Wady Ghennéh. It was colder, more free from salt or mud, and pleasanter to drink than was the water at any other camping-ground. The well was about a mile and a half from our camp, in a deep gorge

at the base of the grand escarpment of granite I have previously described. But it appeared very remarkable to me that a well containing such delicious water, supplied, too, from a perennial spring, should have been allowed to remain in its natural form, which is simply a narrow cleft in the granite rocks, forming a rude kind of rock basin. In every other instance—I cannot recall to my remembrance a single exception—where sweet water flows in a perpetual spring anywhere on the Sinaitic peninsula, a wall of stones is built round the spring; and, furthermore, a regular well “beer” is generally excavated, and its sides secured with rude masonry. If the old miners, with their masters, had depended upon this spring for their supply of water, one might have inferred that they would most probably have walled it up and erected a lifting pump, as we have seen they did at the wells in Wady Nash; but it is perfectly evident that nothing of the kind has ever been attempted at Wady Gheneh. Hence I am the more inclined towards the supposition that, at the period when the mines were worked for turquoises, there was a lake of water at the base of the hill upon which the ancient remains of the miners’ town is situate, and that in this lake the large bivalve mollusc (*Spatha Chaziana*) lived, the shells of which we found in the mine, as well as buried in the immense deposits of alluvium already alluded to in a previous chapter. The Bedouins would hardly take the trouble to wall round this spring, inasmuch as they do not often reside at Gheneh, but simply resort there either to water their camels when on a journey or to pasture their flocks in the gorges of the granite hills during the summer.

Near the spring, whilst shooting through a grove of “shittim” trees, in one of my collecting excursions, I came upon a small encampment of Bedouins, consisting of two families. The men, knowing me as the doctor, or “hakeem bashi,” came out to me, and through my dragoman requested that I would enter their camp and prescribe for one of their wives, who was seriously ill.

The tent, of the most primitive character, was simply made by extending a kind of rug or blanket over four stakes driven into the sand. One pair of the stakes being much shorter than the other, gave the rug a slant, like that of a roof. The rug was somewhat conspicuous, being coarsely woven from camel’s hair, in alternate wide stripes of white and black. The interior of the tent was divided by a second rug which, hung upon a line, separated it into two chambers. The outer compartment was appropriated to the men and children, the inner being the “hireem,” the sacred sanctuary of the women. After the usual greeting, “May your day be happy,” I was led to the curtain dividing the tent into compartments, which was by the husband carefully drawn back, but only just far enough to admit of my passing in. Then, so soon as I was inside, to my intense surprise, it was immediately replaced and secured, when I found myself shut in, and alone with four Bedouin women. Three of them, as soon as I was able to look about, were, I observed, standing round a fourth, who was half reclining on some sheep-skins laid upon the ground. Whether my visit was unexpected, or whether it be the custom in the “hireems” to go unveiled, I do not know, but all four were unveiled in this instance, and wore nothing whatever to hide their faces. They had neither socks nor sandals on their feet, their dresses being simply and only light

linen frocks tied round the waist with a piece of string. Their hair, which was long and ebony black, hung loosely in flowing tresses at the back of the head; but at the front, and just about the centre of the forehead, it was arranged in the form of a spike or horn, that projected at least six inches. Their necks and shoulders undraped, were decorated with numerous strings or rows of glass beads of the brightest and showiest colours, while their wrists and ankles were completely hooped with rings of brass and silver. The recumbent lady was, I discovered, the invalid; but my Arabic, being very shaky at best, was utterly useless in this emergency: hence I was compelled to carry on the conversation through my dragoman, who was only permitted to approach the outside of the curtain. The feeble sufferer, mother of three children, was, I should say, to judge from her girlish manner and general appearance, scarcely turned twenty. She was the victim of that fell destroyer, consumption, and I fear her days were numbered. The features of these four women were not like those of any women I had previously seen, and I presume they represented the pure Bedouin Arab type of woman. Those I had previously noticed, being slaves, probably were of mixed blood, the African type being usually very distinctly marked in their thick lips and flattened noses. These women had straight noses, tending somewhat to aquiline, thin lips, oval faces, with the brightest and blackest eyes I ever saw. They did not strike me as pretty and interesting, in the sense we usually apply the word, but rather as handsome and daring. The elder of the four was, I should think, not more than twenty-five, but they were all alike straight and symmetrically grown. In their persons they were dirty beyond description, and I am induced to believe that water, except for drinking purposes, was but very rarely, if ever, employed by these *houris*. Cleanliness was certainly not amongst their virtues. The effect of successive accumulations of dirt upon skins naturally dark, aided probably by the bronzing influence of the sun, gave them the appearance of being much darker than they actually were. Had their faces been clean, I do not think the shade of the skin would have been deeper than that of an olive tint. On coming away, the invalid offered me some money (at least so I supposed it to be), tied up in a little bag, but as I politely declined the present, I do not know how great the amount of the fee was.

Sitting outside the tent I observed the other type of women, such as I had all along been accustomed to see, showing the well-marked features of the Nubian. These were clearly slaves, as they were busily working away at the primitive flour-mills which are to this day employed by the Bedouins, and which are precisely the same as were the flour-mills used thousands of years ago in the days of the Patriarchs. Two suitable slabs of sandstone are first selected and then made circular. A large hole is made through the centre of the one intended to be uppermost, and into this stone a piece of stick is likewise plugged to serve as a handle. Into the under stone an upright piece of wood is firmly fitted in the centre, to serve as a pivot for the upper stone to work round. Two slabs so adjusted constitute an Arab flour-mill. When this mill is to be employed, the stones are placed one upon another, the pivot passing through the hole in the upper stone; the grain to be ground is thrown

a little at a time by the hand of the grinder into the central orifice; then, with the other hand grasping the handle, she works the upper stone round and round upon the under one, which is always a fixture. The grain, when by this rude appliance it is comminuted into a coarse description of flour, falls as such out from between the edges of the stones, round the entire circumference of the mill, upon a mat spread for the purpose of receiving it.



GRINDING CORN.

I was astonished to find, on making inquiry, how large an amount of grain could be ground in a day with this the most simple and primitive form of flour-mill.

A Bedouin when out on a journey always carries with him a medium-sized bowl made of wood, which does duty in various ways. With it the Arab gives drink to the camel, and uses it as well as a drinking vessel for himself; into it he milks the goats night and morning, and in addition wets the flour and kneads the dough. For making his bread no leaven is ever employed, and the dough, when properly kneaded and formed into a flat cake or loaf, whichever may be the proper term, is ready for baking. The child of the desert requires no oven: he makes instead a small fire of dry branches, and when these are sufficiently burned to supply the amount of ashes necessary to cover the flat loaf, he sweeps the ground clean where the fire burned, puts his loaf upon the cleaned spot, buries it up in the ashes, and then patiently looks on until it is properly baked. I have very often partaken of this Arab bread, and found it extremely wholesome and palatable. Upon bread so made, with the addition of coffee and dried dates and goat's milk, the Bedouins mainly subsist.

Varieties.

EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK.—The following letter, truly noble and generous in spirit, has been received by the secretary of the Evangelical Alliance in London:—

“Washington, May 10th.

“Having heard of the intended general conference of eminent divines, learned professors, and others, from foreign countries and our own, to be held in New York in September next, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, we have great pleasure in expressing our interest in that important assemblage of great and good men, our approval of the objects contemplated by it, and the hope that its deliberations may tend to the advancement of civil and religious liberty, and the promotion of peace and goodwill among men.

“U. S. GRANT, President of the United States.

“SCHUYLER COLFAX, Vice-President.

“HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.”

Commenting on this proposed meeting, the “Times” says:—“The argument that Bossuet drew from the divisions of Protestantism in favour of the claims of the Infallible Church is growing year by year less cogent. The recent attempts of the papacy to compel unanimity within the sacred fold have hitherto only resulted in publishing to the world the evidences of disunion. On the other hand, the tendency of Protestantism, especially within the past quarter of a century, has been to obliterate sectarian lines of demarcation, to insist with increasing emphasis upon the great points of agreement, and to lay less and less stress upon the minor points of difference. The significance of this revolution may, perhaps, be brought home to a devout Catholic mind, such as was that of Bossuet, by the fact that while Catholicism assembles her oecumenical council at Rome, Protestantism gathers her delegates at New York. The glory of Rome, like the glory of the papacy, consists in memory and the reflected splendour of the past; the pride of New York, like the pride of Protestantism, is founded upon its future.”

WAR SYMBOLS IN TEMPLES OF PEACE.—Foreigners have often been surprised at the incongruous exhibition in Protestant cathedrals, afforded by the great prominence given to monuments of warriors. Even under the old Jewish dispensation David was not permitted to erect the temple at Jerusalem, because he was “a man of blood.” The late Mr. Cobden thus wrote on this subject:—“The war spirit is displayed in our fondness for erecting monuments to warriors, even at the doors of our marts of commerce; in the frequent memorials of our battles; in the names of bridges, streets, and omnibuses; but, above all, in the display which public opinion tolerates in our metropolitan cathedral (St. Paul’s), whose walls are decorated with bas-reliefs of battle-scenes, of storming of towns, and charges of bayonets, where horses and riders, ships, cannon, and musketry, realise by turns, in a Christian temple, the fierce struggle of the siege and the battle-field. I have visited, I believe, all the great Christian temples in the capitals of Europe; but my memory fails me, if I saw *anything* to compare with it. Mr. Layard has brought us some very similar works of art from Nineveh, but he has not informed us that they were found in *Christian churches*.”—*Circular of the Peace Society*.

CLOTHES MOTHS.—The clothes moth has a great dislike to strong light, and rarely deposits its eggs in objects exposed to the full influence of the sun. When once the eggs are laid, their circulation is not to be prevented by pepper, spices, or camphor. Full exposure of our goods to daylight, and protection from damp, are our best safeguards against this destructive insect.

HEARING A WILL READ.—A gentleman once said to Rowland Hill, “It is sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and the sermon was well worth while remembering. You remarked that some people are very squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching, but you then added, ‘Suppose one was hearing a will read, expecting to receive a legacy, would you employ the time in criticising the lawyer’s manner while reading it? No; you would give all your interest to ascertain if anything were left to yourself, and how much. Let that, then, be the way in which you listen to the gospel.’”

SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY GUIDE.—The summer edition of this useful little manual forms a handy guide to the parks, gardens, cricket-grounds, fishing-stations, and other places of out-of-door recreation, in and round London. There is information, also, for naturalists, with a map of the roads, rivers, and railways.